THE SEVERALL SPEECHES AND Songs, at the presentment of Mr Bvshells Rock TO THE QVEENES Most Excellent Majesty. *Aug.* 23. 1636.

HER HIGHNESSE being Gratiously Pleased to Honour the said Rock, not only with Her Royall *Presence*; BVT COMMANDED THE SAME to be called after her owne *Princely name* HENRIETTA.

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The *Hermits* ſpeech aſcending out of the ground as the KING entred the Rock.

WITH bended knees thus humbly doe I pray,
You bleſſed powers, that glorifie this day,
And to my frozen lipps haue vtterance giuen,
Speak, O ſpeak the Commands you bring from heauen!
For by times Embleme that ſince Noahs flood,
I thus haue graſp'd, my ſoule hath vnderſtood,
The world no farther Iorney hath to ſaile
Then is betwixt this Serpents head, and taile.
If then before the Earths great funerall,
Moſt glorious SIR, you hither come to call
The Inmates of this ſolitarie place
To ſtrict accoumpt, for Heauens ſake daigne the grace
To lend your patience, and a gentle eare
To what I ought to ſpeak, and you may heare:
A Prodigall profuſe in vaſt expence,
That nothing ſtudied, but to pleaſe his ſenſe,
Trimming a glorious outſide, whil'ſt within
He cheriſht nought, but propagating ſinne,
That multiplied ſo faſt, there was no place
Allow'd for virtue, or for ſauing grace;
God of his mercy pleaſed was at laſt
A gratious Eye vpon his ſoule to caſt,
Which being ſo neere a finall rack as now
His only care, his ſtudie is, but how
He may redeeme the yeares he loſt in ſinne
And liue as he to liue did now beginne.
What followed next muſt be conceau'd of courſe,
Confeſſion, contrition, and remorſe,

Hole
Serpe
hand

Theſe guides to heauen he happily perſu'd,
View'd his paſt life, and that againe review'd:
And to that end he purchas'd at a price
This field, then ſterill, now his Paradiſe;
Where he as man of old, by God being bound
With Adam, wrought, and dig'd, and dreſt the ground:
Here are no Riuers ſuch as Eden had,
Nor were theſe banks with trees or flowers clad
T' invite a ſtay, the Owle, not Philomell
Within this ſolitarie place did dwell.
And I, the Genius of this obſcure Caue
Since the great deluge, liu'd as in a graue,
Chain'd to this ROCK, my Toumb-ſtone in diſpaire
Of freedome, or to view ſuch beames, as are
Shot from your Virtues: All my dayes were night,
Vntill the humble Owner brought to light
Theſe eyes of mine, and forc'd great nature ſhow
This maſter-peece, a grace ſhe did not owe
To any age before, and ſooth to ſay,
I thinke it was created 'gainſt this day.
If then you be the God of Brittaines earth,
And rule this Ile, (as ſure you are by birth)
Vouchſafe a bleſſing, ſuch a one as may,
Preſerue this ROCK, my manſion from decay.
For envie would expell me from my home,
And ſinck me in the ruines of my owne.
But let the true Poſſeſſor, to whom heauen
For pure devotion-ſake this place hath giuen,
Let him in peace enioy it, that he may
Build Altars here, and daily offerings pay
For his preſeruers health grant this, and then
I that liu'd long with ſtones, will liue with men:
And thinke the golden age is now begunne,
In which no injuries are meant or done:
Such Innocents as yet remaine with vs
That doe inhabit here, and humbly thus

We meane to liue, having no other fare
Then uncurſt water, uncorrupted aire.
Vouchſafe to enter, and you here ſhall find
Nothing but what may pleaſe a diſpleas'd mind.
My bold Commiſſion's done, and I returne
Downe to my humble graue, my peacefull urne.

Mr Bvshell his Contemplation vpon the Rock.

GReat nature, had I not a Soule, that ſpies
A greater power enthron'd aboue the skies,
I ſhould adore thee, and ſhould Idolize
This maiſter-peece of thine, and ſacrifice
The fat of Bullocks to thy memorie,
But we forbidden are to deifie
What may be ſeene; ſince that it is reveal'd
The face of what's divine muſt be conceal'd
From mortall eyes, untill that greateſt light
Be quite put out that ſevers day from night.
Where are the Muſes, that were wont to ſing
Their well tun'd note about *Parnaſſus* ſpring?
Where is that Maſter-peece of Poets now
That had a Lawrell wreath to crowne each brow?
Where are thoſe paper-ſpoylers, that can part
With many ſheetes to paint out painted Art
In praiſing faces, features ſuch as be
In beautie poore, if once compar'd to thee?
Shall I not thinke the world on's death-bed lyes,
And ſummon'd to his funerall obſequies,

The ſoules departed hence, when thus I ſee
Nature unlocke her richeſt treaſurie.
And in this doting age diſcover more
Then in ſix thouſand yeares that paſt before.
You, that can ſequeſter your ſelves from men,
And buried be alive, in Caue, or den,
In hollow ROCK, or in a deſart groue,
That the ſad note of murmuring water love;
Ile bring you to a ROCK, that for it's pleaſure
The Indies cannot purchaſe with their treaſure,
Where none but virgin ſilence liveth there
And ſweeteſt Muſicke charmes the chaſteſt eare
The fountaines times doe keepe to birds that ſing,
And on the plaine ſong utter'd by each ſpring
The ayerie Choriſters diviſion run;
The ſolid ROCK that various ſtreames hath ſpun
Even into ſtrings as ſmall as ſmalleſt wyre,
Seemes to conſort, and ſo make up a quire
Such as the holy virgines ſweetly raiſe
When their choice Hymnes doe ſing on holy-dayes.
So that devotion here is kept on wing,
And rather rais'd, then checkt by whiſpering
Of ſprings with ROCKS, or ROCKS with light heel'd ſtreames
Night ſwimmes away in reſt, the day in dreames,
So that the watchfull HERMIT needs no clock,
There are perpetuall Chymes within this ROCK,
That will not let his contemplation ſleepe,
Would he be ſad, there he may learne to weepe
Of every object offer'd to his eye;
The humble pavement never ſhall be dry,
But moyſtened ſtill, with teares that there are ſhed,
From the rich fountaine of the ROCKS curl'd head.
This my Propheticke ſoule foretells ſhall be,
ENSTON, the honour, that ſhall dwell with thee.

A Sonnet within the pillar of the Table at the Banquet.

1.

COme away blest soules no more
Feede your eyes with what is poore.
'Tis enough that you have blest
What was rude; what was undrest,
And created in a trice
Out of Chaos paradise.
Come away and cast your eyes
On this humble sacrifice.

2.

We no golden apples give,
Here's no Adam, here's no Eve:
Not a Serpent dares appeare,
Whilest your Majesties stay here.
Oh then sit, and take your due,
Those the first fruits are that grewe
In this Eden, and are throwne
On this Altar as your owne.

3.

Set a chaire for earth's Jove,
Bring another for his love.
Come away, vouchsafe to taste
What was gathered up in haste;
If we live another yeare
By your grace and favour here,
Italy, and France, and Spaine
Of their fruits shall boast in vaine.

Mr Bvshell presenting the *Rock* by an Eccho sung to the King and Queenes *Majesty*.

The Eccho.

ECCHO

I charge thee answere me to what I aske,
Hath ought presented to these Princes pleas'd?
Pleas'd? O gentle Eccho speak that word againe,
How haue they lik'd our Rock, our Caue, our Well?
Well! proud would their Holt be should I tell him
Tell him Eccho, I will that he dispaire not
What shall we giue them by way of thankfulnes?
That, like thee, is aire; we would giue what's reall
All, why all that we haue is but this Rock,
Giue them this poore Rock, Eccho meane you so?
To which of them, to'th King or to the Queene?
What to the King, if this be giuen the Queene?
The Queene, there's nought more pretious: 'tis true:
Can nothing more be added to his blisse?
Blisse, the blisse of Heauen Eccho you meane sure;
Sure be't to them both as this our blessing;
Sing gentle Eccho, is that thy desire?

ECCHO

aske
pleas'd
againe
well
tell him
spare not
thankfulnes
all
this Rock
so
the Queene
the Queene
true
blisse
sure
sing
desire

THen blessed be this paire
On the earth, in the aire,
Blessed in their lasting ioyes,
Blessed in their Girles, and Boyes,
Let them liue to heare it told,
Their grand-Grandchildren are growne old.
Let her beauty ever last,
And his vigor neuer wast.
Let the sea, that bounds these Isles,
Ebbe at least ten thousand miles:

And returne no more, but leaue
New kingdomes for them to bequeath
To the many heires they get;
And when they pay natures debt,
Let their bodies not be found
Dwelling in the sluttish ground,
But translated to those thrones,
Only built for blessed ones.
Eccho let these prayers be
Poasted vp to Heauen by thee ECCHO
And if granted let vs know,
Gentle Eccho answere so *so*
So, then 'tis agree'd aboue *aboue*
That this paire shall liue, and loue: *and loue*
And for euer happie be *happie be*
In their blest posteritie, *posteritie*
Eccho, for this newes I'le giue *giue*
Leaue that thou shalt euer liue *liue*
In this Paradise of theirs, *theirs*
Theirs Eccho, 'tis no more mine, *mine*
Theirs, and thine, Eccho euer, *euer*
Fates decrees alter neuer. *neuer*

A Sonnet sung to the KING and QVEENE at Mr Bushells Rock.

I.

HArke, harke, how the stones in the Rocke
Strive their tongues to unlock,
And would show,
What they know,

Of the Joy here hath beene
Since the King *and the* Queene
Daigne to say
They would pay
A visit to this cell:
But all tongues cannot tell;
Nor language expresse
Our full thankefullnesse.

2.

Harke, harke, how the streames roule along,
And for want of a tongue
Vent in teares
All their feares
Least the King, *least the* Queene
Being come, having seene,
What we have
In this cave,
That nothing can delight
That is brought to their sight,
Or fully expresse
Our hearts thankefullnesse.

3.

Harke, harke, how the Birds in the groves
Strive to tender their loves,
For the Spring,
That the King,
And the Queene *bring along:*
Doe but see how they throng
With their notes
In their throats,
On each Banck, in each Bush
Sits a Larke, and a Thrush,
That fayne would expresse
Their hearts thankefullnesse.

4.

Harke, harke, we humbly doe intreat
How your Hosts heart doth beate,
How it pants,
Cause it wants
What he gladly would bring
To the Queene, *and the* King,
Daigne to speake,
Least it breake,
Let him know you are pleas'd
That his heart may be eas'd
Or this Rock or this cave
Is his Tombe or his grave.

The Musick to these songs was compos'd by SYMON IVE.

FINIS.